

CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

CARNEGIE
INSTITUTE

CARNEGIE
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CARNEGIE
LIBRARY

VOLUME VI PITTSBURGH, PA., NOVEMBER 1932 NUMBER 6



THE PENNSYLVANIA DEER IN AUTUMN

A GROUP BY R. H. SANTENS

HALL OF MAMMALS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(See Page 174)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VI NUMBER 6
NOVEMBER 1932

Every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.

—HENRY VIII

—11—

HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE
Daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.
Sunday from 2 to 6 P.M.

FREE ORGAN RECITALS

From October to July. Every Saturday evening
at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at
4:00 o'clock.

MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, MR. ROOSEVELT!

To what other American could our salutation so appropriately go this month? Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the newly elected President of the United States, was chosen by the hope and faith of his countrymen to lead them into the light of a new day. Governor Roosevelt comes before us with a fresh outlook, a splendid mind, a glorious voice, a winning personality, a family tradition of American civilization at its best, and determined, while restoring temperance to its ancient seat in the human heart, to rescue our country from the fanatical law which at once destroyed its dignity and its liberty. Whenever and wherever the people come into his presence, the pictures show them smiling and laughing, not because he speaks to them in the words of jest or comedy, but because of the joy of life which radiates from his heart. His campaign song carries the voice of the nation, uttering its confidence in the fulfillment of his great task—"Happy days are here again!"

THE NEW CARNEGIE LIFE

A good friend has presented the Carnegie Library with twenty-five copies of the new life of Andrew Carnegie, by Burton J. Hendrick, which is reviewed in this number of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

NEW SUNDAY HOURS

Effective October 30 the hours of opening the Carnegie Institute and Carnegie Library doors on Sunday were advanced from 1:00 P.M. to 2:00 P.M. The Lecture Hall doors at the extreme rear of the building will be opened at 1:30 P.M. to accommodate those who wish to attend the Museum lectures at 2:15 P.M.

WHERE JAMES MADISON IS BURIED

An honored reader who stands on the greatest heights of political achievement in America has written calling attention to the fact that in the September number of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE under a note entitled "Where the Presidents Are Buried" it is said that James Madison was buried in Montpelier, Vermont, instead of in Montpelier, Virginia.

In acknowledging the error, we have assured our august correspondent that we "have already fixed a sufficiently severe frown upon our proof readers, and if looks could kill, we are sure that they would be no more."

PRIDE OF OPINION

There is a principle that prevents discussion, bars progress, and is bound to keep one in everlasting ignorance all the days of his life: and that principle is condemnation without investigation.

—HERBERT SPENCER

CARNEGIE TECH ALUMNI EXHIBITION

By ROBERT L. LEPPER

*Instructor in Design, Department of Painting and Decoration
College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



THE Department of Painting and Decoration of the Carnegie Institute of Technology issued an invitation to some seventy alumni and former students of the department, now engaged in professional work,

to exhibit "some of their more important work." Paintings and drawings in a variety of media, lithographs and woodcuts, pottery and jewelry, sculpture in plaster and metal, a machine-made mural, models of stage sets, and such domestic objects as air conditioners, drink mixers, and vacuum cleaners, are the response to that invitation which forms the current exhibition at the Carnegie Institute. The exhibition, comprising over two hundred separate entries from members of every class from 1912 to 1931, is nonjury and carries no awards.

The piquant flavor given to the exhibition by the juxtaposition of heretofore lowly domestic articles, such as vacuum cleaners and drink mixers, to the more traditional media of oils and water colors is a note which might be passed off as an amusing novelty in exhibitions. A second thought, however, suggests a deeper significance and one of greater importance than the ratio of domestic appliances to pictorial entries would indicate. The proximity might suggest that the vacuum cleaner has become a problem of form as well as of content and is consequently of esthetic import. It might tend to reassure those who fear the possibility of our being

swallowed by the Machine and it might be another indication of the changing attitude toward Beauty and what constitutes it. The domestic appliance in the hands of a competent designer may transcend its labor-saving function and achieve a formal quality which touches every moment of our day. The modern Cinderella, the vacuum cleaner, finds itself, in sweeping the hearths of modern society, to be in possession of the foot that fits the glass slipper of Beauty of Form.

The marriage of Art and Industry being, as it is, still a romantic flirta-

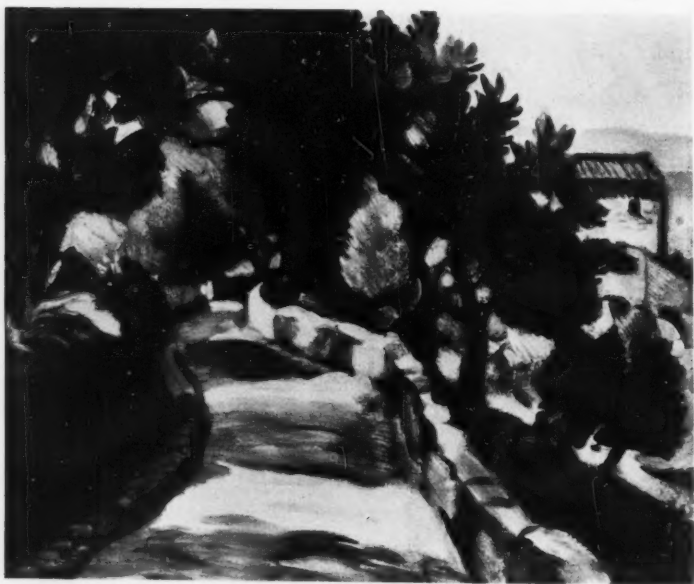


SOUBRETTE

By JANET DE CAUX, Gibsonia



GRAND VALLEY, GASPÉ—WATER COLOR
By MORTON WINSLOW, Cleveland



ROAD IN SICILY—OIL
By J. WILLIAM KENNEDY, Urbana, Illinois

tion is looked upon in many quarters as a scandalous affair. The relationship has had many of the customary marital difficulties by reason of the fact that the parties concerned have not been as well acquainted with each other's characteristics as they had supposed. It may be felt that art is fragile and that industry is no place for fragility. But is art fragile? The Prince Charming of art approaches the Cinderella of industry dressed in a pair of mental overalls if the match is to be successful. He is not necessarily a fragile fellow. The current esthetic concept will take care of the old bug a boo—the Machine will get you if you don't watch out.

The designer has always been an important factor in a changing environment, a contributor to the atmosphere that makes our daily lives. In the past his talents have been—and to a great extent still are—absorbed by the luxury trades, with the resultant exclusion of the lower-income groups from the fruits of his powers of conception. The machine, long a tool for the multiplication of things, has many atrocities to answer for. Its owners have yet to be fully conscious of their social responsibility. As the machine slowly comes to be recognized as being capable of quantity production of fine things in the hands of intelligent designers, it brings with it a question of esthetics—do we like things because they are fine or because they are rare? So long as private ownership is the basis of our political and economic systems, the limited edition of house-

hold or domestic environment will always be available. The custom-built one, however, will not be so far above the average in quality; for the machine is a democratic tool. It is destined to raise the level of the popular taste, and as it does so it can only increase the market for the painters. To support this statement, one must attempt to define the nature of the product of the machine and of that of the painter and craftsman.

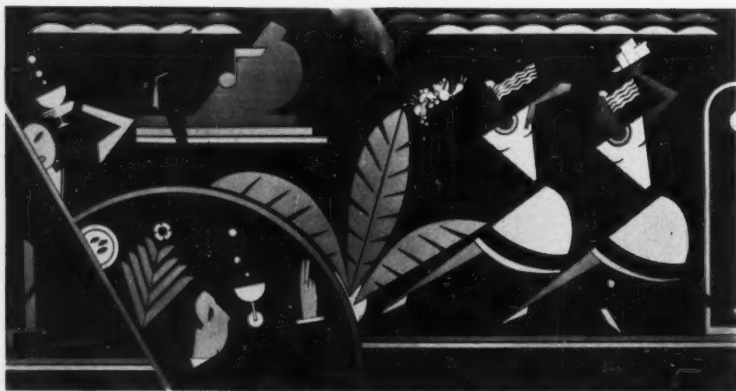
The handicrafts have been and are certainly a romantic medium, and painting and pottery are among the most ancient and honorable of the crafts. It is natural that the Machine, in flirting with products that have heretofore been craft articles and in being capable of flooding the markets with them by rapid production, should seem to strike at the very heart of the romantic instincts. It would

seem to threaten to turn the world into a drab mechanized affair devoid of possibility for emotional expression for the individual. This threat gives rise to two groups of opinion; the one, that the handicrafts are a sentimental "hang-over" from a romantic past which is to be superseded by a more sensible present and future; the other, that the soulless machine is pulling down our society, destroying our culture, and tossing our artists into social obsolescence. The first group errs in underestimating the human instinct to create with its own hands. The second group sees the machine as a maker of replicas of hand-manufactured articles in which a semblance of the romantic quality is



NUDE WITH GREEN HAT—OIL

By LORIS A. WITHERS, Port Washington, N. Y.



MURAL DECORATION—MICARTA INLAID WITH ALUMINUM

By SIDNEY WARNER, Pittsburgh

maintained. This latter group fails to recognize that the younger designers are becoming conscious of the fact that the nature of the machine is classic, with impersonal form as its *métier*. It is perfectly true that machines are making piles of abominable stuff in imitation of the handicrafts, and there we find the real sentimental "hang-over." The machine-made imitation is an illegitimate child, a product of a comparatively new technique and of the demand for old familiar things around us. We want period furniture, rugs, and textiles, for we know them to be tried and in good taste. But somehow the spirit is lacking. The radio, the electric light, and the radiator do not behave well in the period scheme. They are indispensable, however, so we attempt to force

them into the period scheme by treating them as though they were not around at all. We hide them, fake them into something else in trying to make them conform. In doing so we deny the nature, the real virtue of the machine and its indispensable products. We must have them but we wish that they were more presentable socially. When they are presentable—that is, when

they attain a quality of form in their own right—we are apt to feel that they are cold, precise, and exacting. Then what could be more logical than to break that precision by employing the work of the painters, the potters, and the sculptors. There is no reason to believe that the instinct to own warm personal expressions will be dulled by the ownership of those impersonal effici-



THE ROAD-BUILDERS—WOODCUT
By WILLIAM WOLFSON, New York City

ent ones which are useful because they clean our carpets or condition the air we breathe. On the contrary, these things complement each other in a really civilized society.

The healthy-looking group of canvases in this exhibition of alumni goes to show that the machine has yet to complete its job of turning the world into a drab affair. The instinct to manipulate paint, clay, and plaster seems to be quite as strong as ever and perhaps rests upon a little more solid foundation of conviction than it did a few years ago. This instinct is romantic, personal. The issues are beginning to clarify. Art is less of a Sunday suit, less of a rarefied impulse, and as a result, the younger painters are pressed to find a social justification for themselves. These walls seem alive with the healthy romanticism that is the painter's province, not a romanticism of subject matter but one of meaning growing from concept of form. There is an honesty about them in the noticeable absence of attempts at technical virtuosity, in the absence of imitation of fashionable moderne. Those works which depart more strongly from the tradition of representation, as in the case of Esther Topp Edmonds or Russell Twiggs, are the fruits of a research in definite directions along less well-defined paths. They are in no sense imitative or moderne. A genuine simplicity seems to be the keynote of the show. This honesty, this simplicity—which marks many complicated pictorial structures—seems to come as a natural unforced development. As such, these works are a part of the fabric of contemporary American life, a product of emotional necessity.

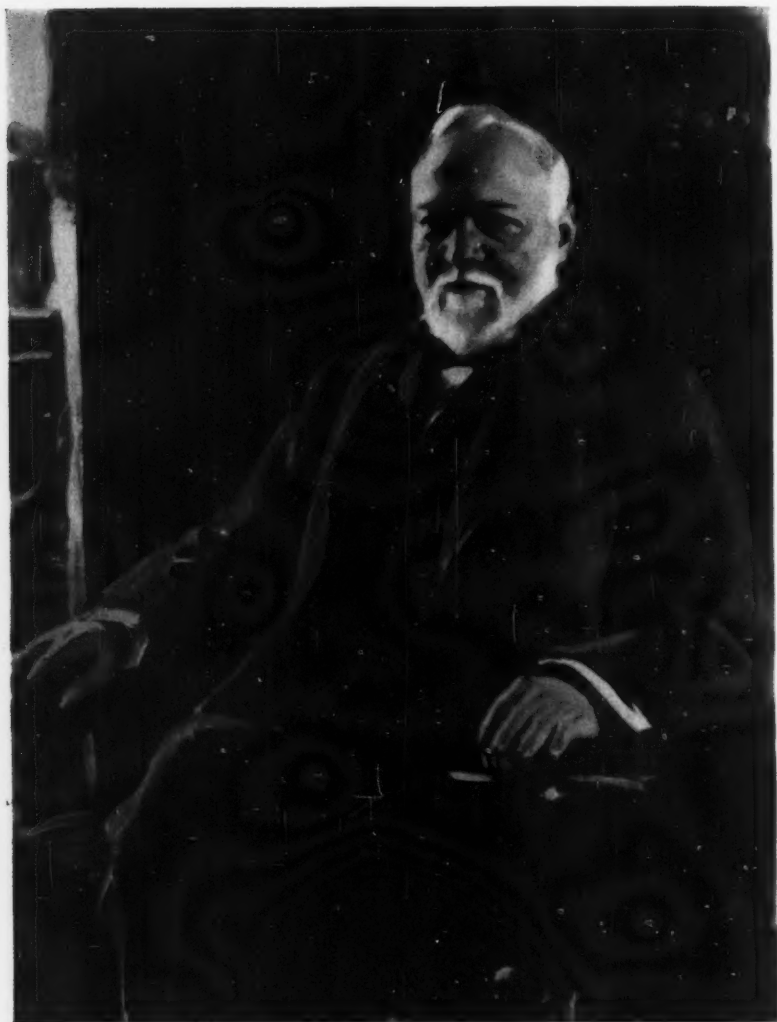
The potters, jewelers, and sculptors perform a double service. Their work is strong, interesting, knowing in adherence to the limitations of media, and possessed of that happy quality of not taking itself too seriously—a sense of humor. They work under a discipline necessarily imposed by clays, glazes, molds, the natures of metals

and of stone. Within these limitations they are free to choose the nature of their form and its character and mood. They are akin to the painters in romantic, personal expression. They are akin to the designers for the machine in limitations of materials and in that their province includes objects of definite use. They serve, then, as a transitional group between the painters with their great freedom of mood and of plastic form and the designers whose form is rigidly limited by nature of materials, economy and methods of manufacture as well as by strictly defined function.

One might approach the show with vague forebodings of seeing traces of the perpetuation of a certain kind of exterior aspect, of mannerism, of seeing a school of painters and craftsmen marked with variations of the rubber stamp. That fear will be dispelled when one considers that entries have been received from Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, from Oklahoma as well as from all parts of the State of Pennsylvania, including, of course, Pittsburgh. The experience of the exhibitors "on their own" away from the institution which gave them their basic training will vary from one to twenty years. Naturally, then, Pittsburghers will find in the exhibition many artists new to them, and a number new and familiar alike who are deep in the researches of contemporary thought.

The exhibition takes on a color beyond the quality of the collective concept and craft. Its diversity is the symbol of a changing esthetic. If it is novel now, it will be less and less so in the future. The words of the foreword to the catalogue of the show will come to be taken for granted: "If it seems a far cry from the objects of utility to the pictures on the walls it must be remembered that the test of the artist lies not in the materials which he fashions but in the spirit in which he fashions them."

The exhibition opened on November 3 and will be on view until December 18.



ANDREW CARNEGIE

By ANDERS L. ZORN

Owned by the Carnegie Institute

THE LAIRD OF SKIBO

A Review of Burton J. Hendrick's "The Life of Andrew Carnegie" (Doubleday, Doran)

THIS is not only the book of the month—it is the book of the year. Indeed, I cannot recall any work in the field of biography appearing in the past decade which equals its solid and substantial character, the great breadth of its plan and scope, the comprehensiveness with which the arduous task has been performed, and the engaging and dramatic style of the narrative.

Mr. Hendrick has spent five years in bringing this enterprise to its brilliant conclusion—a long time to devote to a piece of literature, but fully justified by the exacting demands of his subject. He has made personal visits to all of those places in Scotland, England, and America where Andrew Carnegie at one time or another had established his residence; he has talked with the oldest inhabitants of these localities, and absorbed the verbal traditions which grew up around his hero; he has reconstructed the folks of Dunfermline and made them live again as active figures in the scroll of his history; and he has explored every shred of an enormous record of facts in print and in manuscript having either a direct or a collateral bearing upon his subject. Out of this huge mass of materials he has constructed the final, authoritative, and definitive story of a great man and a great career, giving us a superb book which must stand alone as the Epic of American Industry and of American Philanthropy. In putting the two volumes down after a careful and intense reading, we have the feeling that Mrs. Carnegie's choice of a biographer was a most fortunate one, and that Mr. Hendrick has done the work as well as any living American could have done it, perhaps better than any other could have done it, for it shows all of those rare yet essential qualities of authorship in the field of biography—dis-

crimination, tact, choice, a keen sense of relative values, the charm of knowing how to say it, and above all the courage of stating the faults and foibles of the main character which are usually slurred or obliterated in an "official" work. For instance, the author makes frequent mention of the vanity and egotism of his subject, but as the story develops we see that the qualities which would be classified as vanity and egotism in lesser men constitute themselves into a supreme self-confidence in Mr. Carnegie, furnishing the motive power that made his life a success against obstacles which would have submerged a less heroic and resourceful nature.

This book ought to be read from the first chapter to the last by every man and woman, young or mature, who would wish to know the industrial development of our country and to follow the growth of a purpose formed in obscurity and poverty to acquire a fortune, not for the glitter of its gold, but for its power to bestow knowledge, culture, and happiness upon humanity in its most remote habitations.

Andrew Carnegie was born at Dunfermline, November 25, 1835, the son of William and Margaret Carnegie. His parents occupied one room in the upper story of a grey stone cottage, and the bed upon which he was brought into the world was nothing but a shelf on the wall—a rude piece of carpentry, constructed by his father in lieu of a better piece of furniture which he could not afford to buy. There was no money to pay a nurse—a nurse was unknown in the short and simple annals of the poor—and Ailie Fergie came in at the critical hour to do this service, which, when her own child was born a few weeks later, was repaid in kind by Margaret Carnegie.

Dunfermline had for a thousand years

been the capital of Scotland, and within two blocks of the Carnegie home were the ruins of the ancient palace where Robert Bruce lived, where King Malcolm of the Macbeth drama held his court, where Sir William Wallace had once formed an army against the English invaders, where Charles I of England was born, and where Cromwell dwelt briefly while subduing Scotland for the Commonwealth. The kings, queens, and royal princes of Scotland had not only lived there, but they had died and were buried there; and as Carnegie grew into the years of understanding childhood, he became imbued with a sense of the veneration of his political ancestors, adoring Scotland and hating England as the oppressor of his race. "What Benares is to the Hindoo," he once wrote, "Mecca to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me." All this rich inheritance belonged to the people of Dunfermline except one place, the spacious and beautiful Pittencrieff Park, from which the landed proprietor ruthlessly excluded Carnegie and his playmates; and when Fortune later threw her favors into his lap he bought the park and gave it to the community as a common playground.

Some of the Carnegie relatives had made their way from Dunfermline to Pittsburgh, and their letters intimated that the conditions of life were so much more favorable in the land of promise

that Margaret Carnegie began to feel the urge to emigration. William, the father, was reluctant to go, but spinning, for the father, and sewing shoes, for the mother, held a poor outlook for a livelihood for the two boys, and it was decided to make the great adventure. There was no money to pay their passage, but Margaret borrowed twenty pounds from Ailie Fergie—a sum that had been saved to purchase a home—and the little Carnegie family of four, William, Margaret, Andrew, aged twelve, and Tom, aged four, sailed in the "Wiscassett" on May 19, 1848, and two months later they settled in humble quarters in Allegheny—now a part of Pittsburgh. As soon as he was able to do so, Carnegie paid back the twenty pounds in full every year as long as Ailie Fergie lived.

Andrew Carnegie began work in a cotton factory at \$1.20 a week. After a year of hard drudgery in the engine room, he was able on the recommendation of a friend to transfer himself to the telegraph company as a messenger at \$2.50 a week. Always ready to fit himself for higher places, the boy learned to send and receive messages, and was soon made an operator. When he was seventeen years old, Thomas A. Scott, the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, began to come into the telegraph office from time to time to send messages on railroad business, the railroad company not then having

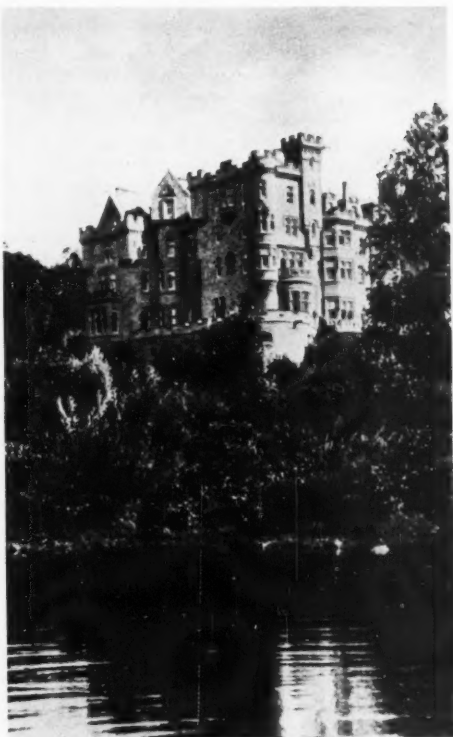
its own wires; and he soon grew to like this boy with the pleasant, happy manner, who was always so eager to give good service. When the railroad completed its own telegraph system, Scott hired Carnegie to take charge of the Pittsburgh office. The boy's advance was then rapid. Scott became general superintendent at Altoona and made Carnegie, then twenty-four years old, division superintendent at Pittsburgh.



THE DUNFERMLINE COTTAGE

The opportunities which came to Carnegie through his official connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad paved the way for his future fortune. A man named Woodruff called upon him one day to explain his idea of a sleeping car, an accessory as yet unknown to American railroads. Carnegie quickly saw the advantage of such an improvement and accepted a stock interest in the venture, which immediately became successful. Just at that time oil was discovered on some of the Pennsylvania farms and Carnegie invested some of his funds in oil production, which almost immediately yielded him a steady income, so that in 1868, when he was thirty-three years old, he was receiving an annual income of \$50,000; and at that time he wrote a memorandum in which he proposed in two years to retire from active business, go to Oxford, study the classics, make the acquaintance of cultured minds, own a newspaper, and take a part in public matters, "especially those connected with education and improvement of the poorer classes."

But the exacting spirit of industry was going to hold him enchained for many years beyond this dream. The wooden bridges on the railroad were constantly burning down from sparks from the engine, and Carnegie saw that in order to promote the safety of passenger transportation it was necessary to build iron bridges, and he established the Keystone Bridge Company for that purpose, and here again success was immediate. A visit to England revealed to him the superiority of the Bessemer method of steel over iron. He was shown a section of steel rails immediately joining a section of iron rails, and the life of the steel rails was shown to be seventeen times that of the iron rails under precisely the same



SKIBO CASTLE

traffic conditions. Carnegie hastened back to Pittsburgh and proposed to his associates that they should construct a mill for the manufacture of steel rails. But all of these early partners were frightened at such an innovation, and his brother Thomas Carnegie, Henry Phipps, Andrew Kroman, W. H. Singer, and the rest, refused to take part in the venture, and Carnegie embarked upon the experiment alone, building the beginning of his great mills at Braddock, which were named for Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

When other men saw that this audacious spirit was reaping a fortune out of the new steel process, they erected a set of competitive mills at Homestead, but after two years there was

nothing but failure and deficit to show for their investment, and in despair they pleaded with Carnegie to buy them out. His reply was: "I will give each one of you a full repayment, either in cash or in Carnegie stock, of what you have put in." They all eagerly accepted a cash payment of \$50,000 apiece except one, W. H. Singer, who with some hesitation decided to take the stock at \$50,000 par value, and in ten years this netted him \$8,000,000. In the meantime Carnegie had again taken into his fold the timid souls who had shrunk from going with him at the beginning.

At the outbreak of the Civil War President Lincoln appointed Thomas A. Scott, then vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as assistant secretary of war, to have complete charge of the transportation of Federal troops, and Scott took Carnegie to Washington with him as his principal assistant in this important service. Incidentally, it is interesting to recall that in the two greatest wars in history—the American Civil War and the World War—the United States Government appointed a vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad to operate its railroads, General W. W. Atterbury being the second officer to be so distinguished.

At the conclusion of the Civil War Carnegie's business interests were so large and so varied that he resigned his position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, where his salary was only \$200 a month, and employed all his tremendous energies in the direction of his steel plants. He was not in the usual sense a hard worker but he was always a deep thinker, and he used his executive capacity to develop and direct able men to handle the details while he watched the results. This arrangement gave him an abundance of time for travel and for contact with other men, and as the years sped by we find him gaining the friendship and esteem of the world's greatest characters. Herbert Spencer and Arthur James Balfour sought his companionship; Matthew Arnold was frequently his guest and constantly his

correspondent; and when he had established an elaborate home in Scotland, William E. Gladstone visited him, and entertained him and Mrs. Carnegie at Hawarden. John Morley was perhaps Carnegie's most intimate friend, but there was scarcely a man of European prominence in statesmanship or letters who did not come within the scope of Andrew Carnegie's intimate acquaintance; and this included kings and princes, for whom he never felt any regard beyond the attraction of their personal attributes.

In 1901 Mr. Carnegie's philanthropic work had so engrossed his thoughts that he was glad to take advantage of an offer made to him by J. P. Morgan and his associates to purchase the entire Carnegie industrial interests, and he sold out for a sum which in its magnitude is unequaled in the history of the world. In speaking of this transaction, Mr. Carnegie said to me in one of our Skibo talks: "When I had signed the contract of sale and walked out from Mr. Morgan's office, I was then, and for a year later, a most unhappy man, but by that time I had learned that there was more real happiness in giving money away than I had ever felt in acquiring it." With this new conception of life Mr. Carnegie's hardest and most congenial work began and the institutions which have already been enumerated were a part of the fruit of that harvest. In one of his essays he had uttered the conviction that the man who had not met all the opportunities within his reach for the exercise of philanthropy, and died thus rich, died disgraced. The maxim was generally misunderstood by unthinking readers who interpreted it to mean that Mr. Carnegie should immediately divest himself of his last dollar and die in the poverty in which his life had begun. He paid no heed to these criticisms but time itself furnished the answer, for when after his death his estate was appraised, it was found that he had given away 90 per cent of his fortune.

In all his life he never bought or sold

a share of stock in speculation, and he looked upon all men and women who do that as common gamblers who fritter away the chances for competence and security which nothing but thrift can bring to them. If the American people could only take this lesson from Mr. Carnegie's career, they would be a happier and a more prosperous people.

While Mr. Carnegie was always unwavering in his serious purposes in life, his nature was gay and happy and his spirits were contagiously effervescent. His mind was a reservoir that was well stocked with a rich store of literature. He knew all of Burns and much of Shakespeare by heart. On his first visit to Venice he stood beside the Doge's chair, and after humorously constituting his friends into an improvised senate delivered to them the whole of Othello's address—"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors."

He now determined to devote his surplus wealth to the creation of agencies and institutions which would elevate the condition of the human family. His early difficulty in finding suitable books led him to the creation of some 3,000 libraries, 1,946 of which are in the United States and the rest scattered throughout the world. This first step in philanthropy was followed by the creation of other great enterprises, the first of which was the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, embracing ultimately Library, Fine Arts, Museum of Science, Music Hall with its free organ concerts, and finally, the great Carnegie Institute of Technology. And this group of Pittsburgh brain children he referred to again and again as the cathedral of his benevolences. Afterwards came the Carnegie Institution of Washington for the advancement of science, which has made a tremendous extension of knowledge, particularly in the field of astronomy. His hatred of war had taken root in his heart in the days of his early childhood, and he founded the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace with the purpose of so building up the

conscience of the world that war would be forever abolished. In order to give security to the college profession, he established the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, aiming to furnish a pension for those who devoted their lives to the spread of scholarship; and last came his Hero Fund, which aimed chiefly to take care of the families of those who had lost their lives in saving others. He never scattered his resources in indiscriminate gifts but held them mainly for the creation of substantial institutions which in each case would benefit great masses of the people. As an illustration of this principle, I told him once that a group of musical people in Pittsburgh had asked me to call to his attention a girl who was said to possess a marvelous voice and whom they wished him to educate in Europe so that she would become a great opera singer. He made the instant reply: "No. We cannot take up the individual cases, but go back to Pittsburgh and develop a school of music which will train all who have marvelous voices." And this was done.

Mr. Carnegie kept his mother beside him in nearly all of his travels and in all of his domestic plans until the last day of her life, giving her every luxury which the ample means of a devoted son could supply. When she passed away, his thoughts turned to domestic felicity in another channel, and on April 22, 1887, he was married to Miss Louise Whitfield, of New York, finding a partner who entered into all the expanding purposes of his life with understanding, sympathy, and affection. One child, Margaret, was born of this union.

The World War destroyed the hopes of his later years that public opinion could abolish war under the existing forms of government in Europe; and the outbreak of hostilities, with the terrible sacrifice of human life and the destruction of the greatest works of civilization, broke his heart and permanently impaired his health, until on August 11, 1919, he died at Lenox, Massachusetts.

S. H. C.

AUTUMN COLORINGS

By O. E. JENNINGS

Curator of Botany and Director of Education, Carnegie Museum



THE drama of the seasons affords a never-ending source of delight to the lover of the fields and woods. To such a one the movement is all too fast, often permitting only a vague understanding of the one act before another is staged. Among a delightful but bewildering array of actors and scenery the plot of life is unfolded, to be understood and appreciated by the few who study the program closely, but nevertheless enjoyed by the many casual onlookers.

No act in the whole drama of the seasons is more enjoyable or more full of meaning than is the autumn. With the lifting of the dark but star-spangled curtain of a chill October night, a warm sunny day bursts forth with a stage flooded with golden light, backed with crimson-decked scenery and filled with rapidly flitting figures, each intent upon the business of acting his part before the grand finale and the dropping of Winter's curtain.

The cover of this issue of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE portrays a bit of Nature's stage during the autumn act of the drama of the seasons. The pictures are based on the autumn group in the four-seasons case in the Carnegie Museum, and the scene is laid in the woods of the upland plateau of north-central Pennsylvania. The group shows the white-tailed or Virginia deer among the highly colored autumn foliage of the red maple and the sugar maple. Such a group depicting the deer in autumn is particularly appropriate to

Pittsburgh. After the deer had been virtually exterminated from the State, it was due mainly to the knowledge and persistent efforts of a Pittsburgher, John M. Phillips, former head of the State Game Commission, that the beautiful, soft-eyed, silent, but swift creatures again became common denizens of Pennsylvania's woods, not only common but even too abundant in some localities. A large proportion of Pennsylvania's half-a-million licensed sportsmen last year hunted them, and killed more than ninety thousand deer. Even now, many thousands of hunters throughout the State are preparing for this year's deer-hunting season. Many of the hunters will be fortunate enough to secure a deer, but even the less successful will be the gainers for their invigorating excursion into the early December woods, where many of the trees will be bare of foliage, and the ground covered with a richly hued carpet of fallen leaves.

Most of the functions in the autumn act of the drama of the seasons are concerned with finishing the work of the year and with preparations for next season's performance, after the lull of winter. By mid-autumn, most of our birds have ceased singing and have quietly disappeared. Occasionally a bluebird or robin or goldfinch may be seen flying aimlessly here and there, often high in the air, and occasional flocks may be seen on their way southward. The cicada and then the katydid are heard no more. The squirrels and chipmunks are so busy gathering nuts and storing them away that they scarcely even stop to notice the quiet observer; while the woodchuck, so fat that his gait has become a waddle, fades into the brush on the way to his protected subterranean burrow.

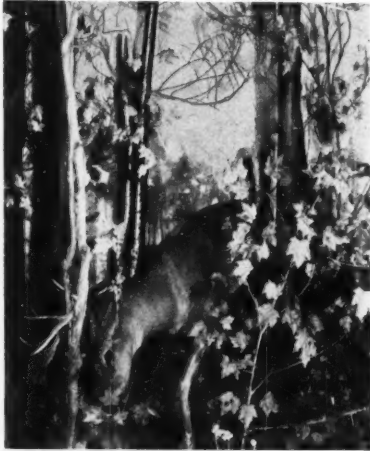
The woodchuck has been greedily eating since summer, storing under his skin the fat which his body will need to keep alive during the long hibernation period of winter. There is no woodchuck to be seen in the picture accompanying this article, but there are plants in the soil of such spots which hold stored food in their underground stems and which are already hibernating, unseen, in much the same manner as the woodchuck.

Under the feet of the deer in this autumn scene would be such hibernating underground stems of trilliums, Solomon's seal, spring beauty, and various other plants of the spring and early summer woods, mute evidence of the fact that Nature usually prepares for the next act a long time before she appears on the stage.

There are not many green plants left in the woods during the late fall and winter, and the deer must browse to a considerable extent on the younger twigs and buds of shrubs and trees, from which they obtain much nourishment, particularly from the buds. Many woody plants begin the formation of next year's flowers and leaves as early as the middle of the previous summer. By late autumn the buds have become full grown, closely shingled over by concave waterproof scales, and densely packed inside with the nutritious but minute leaves and flowers for next spring's outburst. The miniature leaves and flowers inside the buds contain more food material but less water than full-grown leaves and flowers. Buds containing much water would be more readily injured by freezing. Somewhat

like the woodchuck, these buds of autumn have also become relatively engorged with food and will hibernate during the winter. The storage of food within the bud, and also within the tissues of the younger twigs, is a fortunate thing for the deer during the hungry days of winter.

The ordinary green color of leaves is due to a substance called chlorophyll which occurs within minute granules in most of the living cells of the leaves, being particularly abundant just under their upper surface. Green chlorophyll is the substance which transforms light into chemical energy and enables the leaf to manufacture sugar. It apparently wears itself out in the process, for it must be continually renewed. Temperatures well above ninety degrees Fahrenheit are most suitable for



A VIRGINIA DEER SKINS A RED MAPLE

its renewal. The chilly nights and cooler days of early autumn do not permit the renewal of the supply of green chlorophyll as fast as it is used, and the green color consequently begins to fade.

Plants have other color pigments besides the green chlorophyll, one of the most important being the material known as carotin, which gives the carrot its reddish orange color and which is abundant in the leaves of many kinds of trees and shrubs. As autumn proceeds, the carotin is usually more or less completely transformed into a lighter lemon-yellow substance known as xanthophyll. When the green chlorophyll disappears from a leaf, the accompanying xanthophyll may then, of course, dominate the color of the leaf, as in the tulip tree and sugar maple

of rich gold, or the poplars, birches, and ginkgo of a paler yellow.

Chlorophyll and the two yellow colors are pigments, but sometimes the sap of the plant cells also contains dissolved dyes known collectively as anthocyanins. These, in the main, have the characteristic reaction of a number of plant materials in being blue when alkaline and red when acid. It is very fortunate for the protective coloration of the deer that most autumn leaves have an acid cell sap, so that if anthocyanins are present, they are red rather than blue. A few autumn leaves on occasional trees and shrubs of almost any kind are more or less blue; but about the only kinds which regularly show blue color to any noticeable extent are the viburnums or arrowwoods. The American ash usually develops some blue, which combined with green chlorophyll and perhaps other colors gives a distinctive purplish bronze cast.

The anthocyanins develop readily at much lower temperatures than does the green chlorophyll and is favored not only by cooler temperatures but also by the presence of sugars, tannins, and bright sunlight. This means that when the chlorophyll fades out in the cooler autumn temperatures, the bright sunlight penetrates and, in the presence of suitable amounts of sugars and tannins, the beautiful reds and scarlets appear. Sumachs are notable for the amount of tannin they contain, and crimson sumach thickets are the glory of our neglected upland fields in October. The Virginia creeper transforms many an old dead stub into a veritable pillar of fire. Trees showing notably the red anthocyanin colors are the sour gum, the dogwood, various oaks, and especially the red maple, often appropriately called the scarlet maple. The main colors in the deer group are the golden xanthophyll of the sugar maple and the scarlet anthocyanin of the red maple.

Oak leaves hang on so long that various disintegration processes result and certain yellow colors due to materials known as flavones develop. As the

season advances, the tannins gradually stain the leaves, so that they generally pass from the more striking reds to the various more modest but no less pleasing tans and browns of late fall.

Deer feed mainly on leaves of various kinds when the vegetation is green. During times of deep snow in winter the game protectors sometimes feed them hay. Hay is mainly dried grass leaves. The deer would probably also thrive on a hay made of green shrub and tree leaves if they were picked and properly cured while green. The question may be asked, then—Why do the deer not eat the fallen leaves which carpet the forest floor during late fall and winter? Sugars and other foods in the leaves are valuable; hence they are mainly withdrawn and stored in the woody tissues before the leaves fall. This, then is the probable answer.

While the trees are preparing to drop their leaves, the pectoses or jelly-forming substances which hold the walls of the cells together at the base of the petiole by which the leaf is attached to the stem are being digested and weakened to the extent that the cells easily pull apart and the leaf falls. While this is taking place, there has been deposited a corky material in the tissues just below the place where the leaf is to fall away, so that when it does fall the wound is already healed up with a corky callus. This is better than our best surgeons can do: to heal up the adjacent tissues before the surgical operation takes place.

Probably nowhere else in the world is there such a variety of kinds of deciduous trees in a region of a continental climate with the chilly nights and clear sunshine which bring about the best autumnal coloring, as is the case in the northeastern part of the United States. The scene portrayed by the deer group is but one of the many which Nature has so gorgeously colored and which she displays while the actors, the various plants and animals, are concluding their respective rôles in the closing acts of the drama of the seasons.

THE INTERNATIONAL IN REVIEW

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



IT is well to pause in a year when there is no Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings to consider the nature of the influence exerted on the art life of this community by the thirty Internationals

which have been held since 1896.

The current exhibition of Carnegie International paintings owned in Pittsburgh, which closes on December 15, forms a basis for such a reflection, for this exhibition sets forth one hundred and ninety-seven canvases by artists from fourteen countries. In this region are about six hundred paintings which were either purchased from or lent to the Carnegie Internationals. Of these six hundred, one hundred and eleven, including twenty-three prize-winning canvases, hang in the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute. None of these paintings is shown in this exhibition, which is made up entirely from loans by private collectors. An effort has been made to include every artist represented in Pittsburgh, though no artist has been allowed more than one canvas.

The most obvious fact about the exhibition is its reflection of the change in taste during the last thirty-six years. I use the word "change" advisedly, as contrasted with the "development" of taste, or the "retrogression" of taste. In all phases of art as in all aspects of life the panorama shifts violently before our eyes. Some of us are puzzled. Others are irritated. Some persons like change, and say taste has improved.

Other persons remain content with a benign past, and say taste has retrograded. As a matter of fact the course of esthetics in civilized times has greatly changed, developed little, but retrograded not at all. By comparing Greece with Japan, India with Egypt, the Renaissance with the Gothic, we may find differences. When it comes to improvement or backsliding, however, in sensitiveness to visual emotion between today and yesterday, we must rely on the opinions of a struggling horde of self-satisfied critics whose continuous disagreement proves that there has constantly been maintained the essential high level of that esthetic sense they either happen to praise or decry.

From the popular point of view, when I was a boy music on the piano included "Maid of Athens," "In the Gloaming," and "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Now, as my hair turns gray, music on the radio arrests our attention with "St. Louis Blues," "Say It Isn't So," and "Pink Elephants."

Again, to enter more sophisticated purview, if I walk up Fifth Avenue in New York, I review a series of architectural efforts showing how the American idea has dealt with the problem of shops. Near Thirty-fourth Street on my right hand stands Tiffany's, erected in 1906 by McKim, Mead and White, and at that time regarded as the best of sophisticated design. At the corner of Fifty-fifth Street I pass Bonwit-Teller's, constructed in 1930, by Ely Jacques Kahn, the most chaste example of our latest mode. The Tiffany Building, assembled in a period of reminiscence, when Rome was good to think upon, recalls the past with its columns, its cornices, and its academic mixture of organized detail. The Bonwit-Teller Building,

put together in an age concerned chiefly with present-day problems, speaks of the future in its effort to build along lines outlined by steel construction and the various physical and social stresses of the life that moves about us. Both are right.

Moreover, it should always be borne in mind that the public's esthetic sense is basically an emotional quality and not an intellectual one. Appreciation of color and form is no more susceptible to pedagogical influence than an appreciation of candy. Subconscious taste is not the same throughout the ages. It changes in its effect upon individuals and nations as inevitably as a brook changes its intriguing course through the slope of meadow.

Taste should so shift to save this



THE HUNTER

By EUGENE SPEICHER (1923)

Lent by the Pittsburgh Athletic Association

tired world from dying of boredom. Never, however, does taste turn back to what has been. Nor can taste progress faster than the human brain, which in essence is remarkably slow. If we in a train leave a town, pass through the switching tracks, and know there are fields ahead, we say to ourselves: "The town lies in the past, the tracks represent the present, the fields are in the future." But if we are in an aeroplane

looking down on the train, the past, the present, and the future merge into one. In these days, strangely enough, the aeroplane point of view is safer for the art amateur than the railroad.

As this exhibition concerns itself with a history of artistic variation, it is fitting, therefore, that we dwell for



MADONNA WITH MUSICIANS BY ANTO CARTE (1924)

Lent by Edgar J. Kaufmann

the moment on the history of the Internationals.

The Carnegie International was the outgrowth of two loan exhibitions held in Pittsburgh, one in 1890 on the occasion of the opening of the Carnegie Library of Allegheny, the other in 1895 in connection with the opening of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh. The first exhibition was confined to European canvases. The second exhibition was a loan exhibition of paintings owned by Pittsburghers. Both these exhibitions furnished Andrew Carnegie with an essential idea. Pittsburghers, he observed, were purchasing art of the past. He proposed that the collections at the Carnegie Institute should date forward, and that international exhibitions of contemporary paintings should furnish the market from which the trustees might purchase, as they thought wise.

The first International, then, was held in 1896 under the directorship of John W. Beatty. It was contemporary in the sense that practically all the paintings in it had been painted within five years. It was international in scope, for of the three hundred and twelve canvases, one hundred and seventy-three, a trifle over half, were by European artists. Names such as Whistler, Raffaelli, and Lavery appeared. The Jury consisted of the Fine Arts Committee and therefore was formed mostly of laymen.

Changes followed. The next year the Jury was composed of painters, although overwhelmingly American. To help in the selection of the foreign pictures advisory committees were appointed in London and Paris and Munich, the three great art centers of Europe at that time. This practice continued until 1902,

when a loan collection took the place of the normal run of exhibitions.

Then followed other plans. On the Eighth International Jury American artists joined with a few members of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers of London. Again the original plan was reverted to, until with the inauguration of the new galleries of the Carnegie Institute in 1907 the exhibition expanded to five hundred and fifteen works, of which three hundred and twenty-one came from

abroad. Then one-man shows were added, representing the output of such artists as Homer, Hassam, Weir, and Lavery.

Finally in 1914 the War broke the sequence of the Internationals and they were not resumed until 1920.

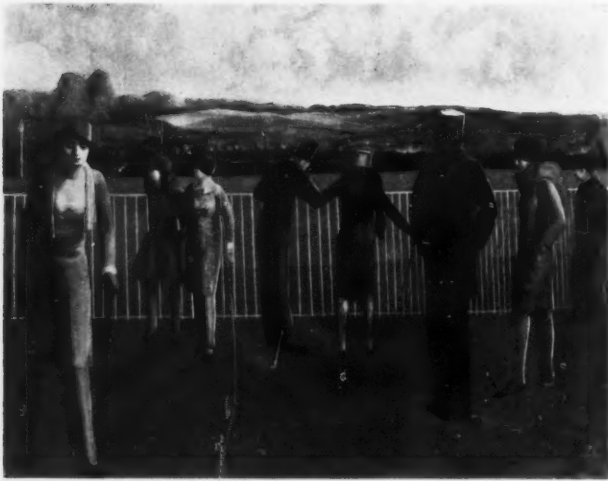
By the time the International began again, new problems were stirring. Hitherto, the exhibition had shown paintings considered best when measured by the traditional artistic standards. Now the world had begun to question just what were the artistic standards in America, Germany, France, and England.



HERO

By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA (1901)

Lent by Mrs. Henry R. RCA.



RACE TRACK, DEAUVILLE BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1928)
Lent by the Pittsburgh Athletic Association

Standards also might be based on what was known to have existed yesterday, or on what was expected to obtain tomorrow. The unrest that has so vastly shaken our social fabric had begun to show itself in painting.

A violent battle arose between the reminiscent social order which clung to such men as Jules Breton and the young adventurers who hitched their wagons to what they considered the bright stars of such painters as Xaver Fuhr. La Touche's "The Bath," which appeared in the Eleventh International, obviously had little in common with Watkins' "Suicide in Costume," which culminated the Thirtieth. It was a matter of interest to find the same collector buying "Wandering Minstrels" in 1910 and a Vlaminck "Still Life" in 1925.

As a result, the Department of Fine Arts was taken violently to task by the many conflicting critics. The Department's obvious wish was to hang the best paintings. Its difficulty was to find out as nearly as possible which were the best paintings. Nobody of a reputation known internationally,

nationally, or locally solved the problem to the satisfaction of more than a minority group.

Accordingly in 1925 the Department announced a policy that it hoped would conform with this present spirit. No longer was the Department to judge what was good or bad in painting; rather it was to set forth what recognized groups of intelligent

persons in sundry nations had already so judged for themselves, and then to allow the Pittsburgh public and the Pittsburgh visitors to review and to discuss that judgment.

The new order of things certainly did not quell the fighting spirit of the on-lookers. Instead the artistic battle grew even more bitter until ultimately it reached its peak about 1928 when Pruna's "Still Life" won a Second Prize. Of course no one canvas has ever aroused quite so much discussion from newspaper offices to firesides as did Mr. Watkins' "Suicide in Costume," shown in 1931, especially when it was contrasted with the Popular Prize awarded to Pomi's "Susanna." But this final uproar was an exception to the true state of the public mind. For since 1928 the struggle has been waning. The artists are less violent in their painting. The critics are more tolerant in their judgment. The public is increasingly eclectic in bestowing its approval and making its purchases, until now we may look forward to an era when artists will truly represent their contemporary social order even as

Cittadini represents his age in Mallorca in his canvas, "Valley of March."

So much for history and the philosophy that underlies the past International Exhibitions.

The present show aims to be an index of this philosophy and of this history. It can become so, however, only when the individual visitor goes to some trouble in estimating the paintings.

The original plan was to hang the exhibition by years. But once the paintings were assembled, an insurmountable difficulty arose from the fact that in the early years purchases were few, while in the latter exhibitions many pictures had been bought. The unbalanced aspect that would have developed from chronological hanging, therefore, caused this attempt to be abandoned. Hence to trace the development of the Internationals, personal diligence in the use of the catalogue is needed.

Without the catalogue the walls present unity. With the catalogue they add coherence. The reason is flattering. The exhibition is a unit because in the last analysis it represents the Pittsburgh idea, and Pittsburgh is a unit.

Not that the public has failed to learn; for the growth of the appreciation of art in Pittsburgh is evinced by the fact that twelve years ago a painting that failed to conform to the restrictions of local opinion was regarded as inept. Now the public realizes that thoughts from other lands, while often worse, may frequently be better than its own. It finds that the pleasure to be derived from painting is not so much stimulated by a lackadaisical acceptance of things the public likes as by an emotional discussion of the things it questions. The public is throwing aside both traditional and modernized inhibitions to a point where within two minutes they can enjoy both an exact definition of one object and a conventionalized or abstract representation of another. As a result have come to the galleries more and more men and women who have been interested in adorning their material growth with a development of their esthetic side.

Not only has this exhibition benefited the public. It has also profited the artists. For here in Pittsburgh has been the only gallery in any country where a



SOUVENIR OF DOUARNENEZ BY JULES BRETON (1896)

Lent by the A. M. Byers Estate

quantitative analysis of current European and American paintings could be made. The result has been impressive. When the first International opened its doors American Art was not adequately esteemed by the American public. The impression prevailed that by virtue of superior educational advantages the output of European artists was more important artistically than that of American painters. At last, however, the annual placing, side by side, of the best current American and European paintings has stimulated American production to a point where instead of merely aping European art it has achieved its own marked qualities. Compare the similarity of W. L. Lathrop, an American, in "Old House in the Hills" with Sir Alfred East, an Englishman, in "Evening in the Cotswolds," in the years around 1912. Notice the essential difference between Eugene Speicher's "The Hunter" and Ferruccio Ferrazzi's "Horitia and Fabiola," in the years around 1924. In these days, then, while we may be no better or no worse than the Europeans, we have achieved our own school of painting, and one of the great virtues of the International Exhibition has been to prove it.

Finally, to review this exhibition

effectively the visitor should bear in mind two points:

The first thought to consider in this exhibition is that here at last is art put to its ultimate purpose. One type of exhibition might have been seen if it had been based on the technical reactions of those artists who have awarded the various Institute prizes which culminated in the exciting choice of "Suicide in Costume" as First Prize a year ago. Another exhibition might have been given if it had been made up by the persons who awarded the Popular Prize. Here, though, the exhibition is made up by persons who have paid for pictures and who have hung them for a considerable period on a house wall where somebody has enjoyed them. These purchasers have laid that basic foundation on which must stand the whole structure of art, be it local or international. Lacking purchasers neither the gifts of Andrew Carnegie nor the dreams of those who place paint on canvas can materialize. Artists must live. Without sales, painting will die. Prizes go but a scant distance toward providing bread and butter.

Naturally the attitude of purchasers has changed during thirty-six years. Once those who bought followed the

dictates of persons who set forth theories of the past, as bound in volumes of Ruskin, or Kenyon Cox. Now, with sentimentalism hurled from a twentieth-story window and liberalism the call of the day, the public pays its money after reading the caustic epigrams provided by latter-day art littérateurs who obviously indicate with unfailing assurance that enviable goal of esthetic



STILL LIFE BY MAURICE VLAMINCK (1925)

Lent by W. S. Stimmel



THE ICELANDER

By AUGUSTUS JOHN (1925)

Lent by Moorhead B. Holland

value which certainly must be just around the artistic corner.

So of course they are of various and sundry types, these paintings used to decorate many rooms furnished in many manners. There are rooms in the 1890 period, dark, laden down with detail, rooms into which you retire. There are rooms of the estimated tomorrow that throw upon unresting nerves an avalanche of light that banishes repose. Which may be the better of these surroundings is beside the point. Both exist. Consequently the paintings to adorn them exist.

No visitor should leave this exhibition then without an oft repeated word of thanks to these lenders. Their influence is always present in and out of public galleries. Pictures are not lost in homes. Neither hosts nor guests make daily tours of rooms to a patter of mutual admiration. But each good painting exerts upon the owner and upon the owner's friends a subconscious influence that steadily bears upon the public taste.

For a second consideration the visitor should note that the point of view of

the artist is also properly altering. In 1896, when the International first opened, artists told stories and represented nature with extreme exactness. Nowadays the story-telling picture belongs in the "movie," the minute reproduction of nature is the function of the camera. The artist has concluded that while he may represent nature with exactness, neither he nor the public ever receives the emotional surge which art is supposed to arouse by meticulous paint-brush crossing of t's or dotting of i's. Wherefore, to make a painting entice the fancy becomes a new, complicated, and hitherto unsolved problem. Painting today is seeking a type of emotional effect akin to music. "Custer's Last Stand" has gone into the woodshed, the "Portrait of Grandma" into the attic; while from many shaky easels have come uncorrelated but imaginative waves of form and color that certain artists hope will produce in the human bosom the delights of a Beethoven symphony or Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." These efforts have not been wholly successful. But latter-day painters suggest a little patience. Doubtless music in the distant past limited itself to the beat of a tomtom. It has taken thousands of years to develop the sophistication of Honegger's "Pacific No. 231."

Approach the problem of appraising this exhibition, then, with caution. There exists a zest in chasing the fantastic goal of art around corner after corner. Again it is a pleasure to paste scraps in an old imaginative album, to gaze languidly through a reposeful light at that which intrigues rather than dominates.

WISDOM IN BENEVOLENCE

Those who would administer wisely must, indeed, be wise; for one of the serious obstacles to the improvement of our race is indiscriminate charity. It were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



PENELOPE looked up from her work in the Garden. "What time is it, Jason?" she asked. "I'm getting hungry."

The Gardener raised his eyes to the sun, then dropped them toward the shadow which fell from the roof of their cottage.

"It's sixteen minutes past eleven o'clock," he said.

"How on earth can you tell time so accurately? You never miss it by a minute."

"I learned that trick from Cronos in the days of the Golden Fleece adventures. You will be shocked about Cronos, a good friend of mine, but he ate up his children."

"The monster—how hideous! Jason, you surely would not be the friend of such a fiend."

"Yes, indeed! But—forgive me—I put it that way to give you a shiver. Cronos' name in our day is Father Time. We get several words from him—chronicle, meaning a record of events in the order of time; chronic, like chronic disease, a sickness running on through time; chronometer, an exact timepiece used in navigation. Yet all the things that are created by Time are destroyed by Time—swallowed up, as it were. And that is why my friends in ancient Greece fixed that allegorical interpretation upon Cronos, that he devoured his children."

"Well, that's not so bad," said Penelope, breathing more freely. "But it's a rather sad reflection. Does Cronos really devour all that men produce?"

"Yes, Penelope, beyond question he does. Shakespeare indirectly tells about him in 'The Tempest':

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

"Then, what is the meaning of life when there is no endurance to anything?"

"There is still something salvaged, Penelope. Look back at Greece. Cronos has devoured all those men and women whom I knew in the days of Mount Olympus, but he could not touch their characters. What they thought, what they dreamed, what came out of their immortal spirits—these things—and only these—survive the march of Time."

GOLDEN FRUITAGE

Mrs. John L. Porter's subscription of \$10,000 to the Patrons Art Fund, payable in installments of \$1,000 a year, having been paid in full and expired,

Mrs. Porter has now very kindly said that she will continue to contribute \$1,000 each year until further notice toward this very fruitful field of the fine arts, and her first gift on this second participation has been received.



MRS. JOHN L. PORTER

This fund has been a great boon in enabling the Institute to acquire some of the choicest works in its Permanent Collection, and the continuance of expired subscriptions is very gratifying.

Since its inauguration five years ago, the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* has never yet gone to press without making acknowledgment of financial donations. The Magazine, like the Widow with her cruse of oil, enjoys a never failing flow of benevolence from its friends. With the appearance of this number the gifts of money reported in its pages stand at \$956,336.06.

EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHS

THE present exhibition of prints owned by the Carnegie Institute lays particular emphasis on the work of James A. McNeill Whistler as a lithographer. Of the seventy-one lithographs in the exhibition, forty-two are by him. And it is appropriate that Whistler's work in that field should predominate, for his name is an important one in the history of what, in point of time, is the youngest of the graphic arts.

In the middle of the nineteenth century lithography had fallen to a low estate in England. Its artistic possibilities had almost been forgotten when in 1878 Thomas Way drew Whistler's attention to them, and before long the painter's interest and enthusiasm had made him the leading influence in the English renaissance of lithography.

Whistler, as his delicate prints in this exhibition bear witness, displayed a great variety in subject, style, and technique. He went to the life about him for his subjects: London bridges, the Thames, quaint doorways of Lyme Regis, blacksmiths' shops, the city streets, gardens and shops of Paris, and the models in his studio.

He worked on the stone or on transfer paper, using chalk, wash, and the stump with amazing assurance and dexterity. The "Barge on the Thames" is striking in its suggestion of color and appears as if it had been done with a broad brush. The "Tall Bridge" is a combination of wash with chalk outline. The "Little Nude Model Reading," so classical in



ST. ANNE'S, SOHO
BY JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER

feeling, is drawn with exquisite delicacy and refinement. "St. Anne's, Soho," which was the beginning of an unfinished series of London churches, is sketched with beauty of line and restraint and is enveloped with suggestive charm.

In addition to his other achievements in the art of lithography Whistler showed his generation the possibilities of portraiture in this medium, as evidenced in the "Sketch of Mr. Henley" and the

"Unfinished Sketch of Lady Haden."

His lead was followed by Sir William Rothenstein, six of whose portraits of noted figures of the 1890s are presented in this exhibition: Sir F. Seymour Haden, Émile Zola, Aubrey Beardsley, Henry James, John Singer Sargent, and Rodin in his Studio. This last lithograph is particularly effective and shows a magnificent head of the sculptor done with the sure draftsmanship of the man who has visualized for us the great personalities of his time.

Other prints in the exhibition bring lithography down to our own day. There is a shipyard series of six prints by Muirhead Bone in which shipbuilding assumes the beauty of structural form under the magic touch of the artist. The list closes with three prints by George Bellows, in whose hands lithography became vital and powerful, and as Whistler led a revival of the art in Europe, so did Bellows in the United States.

The exhibition opened on October 18 and will remain until December 30.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*Announcing the Introduction of Studio Matinées
in the Department of Drama*



BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



ter but in the former Union of the Administration Building. No announcements of these matinées will be sent out, but those who are interested in the drama are invited to attend. The performances will be given on the afternoons of November 16, December 14, January 11, January 27, March 15, April 7, April 26, and May 24.

The idea of a studio in connection with a larger theater is not by any means a new one. Many important European theaters have smaller theaters connected with them from which they draw the new members of their personnel, and which serve in a certain degree as schools of acting. The most famous examples are perhaps the First and Second Studios of the Moscow Art Theater which were founded, according to Oliver Sayler in his book on the Russian theater, in order that "the world's first theater might perpetuate itself, and insure Russia's dramatic future." Our Studio has scarcely such a lofty purpose, but the advantages of it are many and fairly obvious.

A writer may write and a painter paint and gauge his worth by the judgment of his fellow artists, paying little

attention to the approval of a larger public. But an actor is not an actor if he has no audience. We have all heard tales of woe from actors convinced of their own talents who have "never had a break." Breaks are naturally more frequent in a school for acting than on the professional stage, but even in a school there are only a certain number of public performances each year, and it would not be reasonable to blame the director for risking the success of his production, on which much time and care has been spent, by casting a student for an important part for which he thinks that student is unfitted. Even the system of double- and triple-casting each important part cannot take care of all the students, and there are always those who complain—justly or unjustly—that they have never had a chance to show what they could do. The studio plan should do much to put an end to such complaints. The audience may suffer at times but, on the other hand, it may sometimes be agreeably surprised. Whatever happens, the casting of the subsequent—and more important—public performances will benefit.

The *mise en scène* of these studio performances will be of the simplest. An arrangement of curtains will form a permanent setting. Door frames and window frames will be added where necessary. Only the most essential properties will be used. There will be no cunningly devised lighting, no elaborate costumes. The performance will be judged on the merits of the acting alone. While it is true that harmonious and expressive settings and lighting may help a good play, and prevent a

bad one from being absolutely tiresome, they can never be the chief interest. In spite of Gordon Craig and his followers, the actor must always be the center of interest and the rest contributory. The conventionalized stage of the ancient Greeks and the bare boards of the Elizabethan stage offered no scenic attractions. The author and the actor shared all the responsibility.

The studio matinées should also give an opportunity for the presentation of a much wider range of plays. The plays in the regular public series, although never chosen because they are likely to be popular, must still have enough drawing power to provide an audience for eight performances each. The plays in the studio matinées will be performed only once, therefore the question of furnishing the necessary audience need not be considered. As scenery is practically nonexistent, it will be just as easy to imagine cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces as the usual living-room set.

One of the faults most frequently found with modern American and English acting is that so much of the dialogue is inaudible. An editorial in this month's Stage quotes with apparent agreement a statement that "most stage dialogue is inaudible beyond the fifth row." While this is an exaggeration, it is true that much of the diction, even on the professional stage is slovenly and indistinct. You seldom find German or Italian or French actors charged with this fault. Much of their early training has been in the verse dramas of their respective countries, in which they have learned to enunciate clearly and to project their voices, exactly as a singer must learn. It is not mere chance that so many of the most sought-after actors on the English stage received their training in the famous Benson repertory company which played Shakespeare almost exclusively. As this speaking of verse is so valuable in developing good diction, not only in poetic drama but also in modern prose plays, it is planned to give a number of

plays in verse in these studio matinées. While this is principally to improve the students' diction, it will also give the audiences occasion to see dramas—or portions of dramas, why not?—which are universally considered masterpieces, but which are performed rarely. There are dozens of thrilling scenes in the works of the Elizabethan dramatists; but when, with the exception of Shakespeare, do we ever see them acted? And the foreign classics—Goethe and Racine, Schiller and Corneille were masters in the dramatic form. But have we ever had it proved to us by performance?

Another way in which the studio theater may serve as a sort of dramatic laboratory is in the enactment of plays of an experimental nature in point of technique. Even a competent professional actor cannot adopt a style of acting that is unfamiliar to him, and give a satisfactory performance. How much less a student! The technique of expressionism and all the other isms which have come surging in on us from Russia and Germany of late years, must first be subjugated by the actor before he can venture into a formal production. It is only humane that the larger public should be spared the process of subjugation; therefore drama in an experimental style will be studio-tested first.

Not all students in the Department of Drama intend to become actors. Some wish to write. To the members of the playwriting class these supplementary performances ought to be especially helpful. Nothing can give a budding playwright a better idea of the good and bad points of his own work than seeing that work actually performed before an audience. Eugene O'Neill has acknowledged more than once the debt he owes to the Provincetown Players. The plays written in Professor Baker's celebrated class in playwriting at Harvard had also the benefit of actual performance. The acting in both these cases was unprofessional and, I dare say, often unskillful enough, but the mere fact of seeing one's play given to an audience is of inestimable value.



IF WE WERE A SENATOR!

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to propose an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to this effect:

No pension, bonus, or money allowance of any kind whatsoever shall be paid to any person for service in time of war beyond the per diem pay of his rank during his active service, no matter what his age or disability may be. Provided that this restriction shall not apply to persons wounded or otherwise disabled in the service—the words "disabled in the service" meaning that no sickness or disability developed after the close of hostilities shall make him eligible for pension allowance or hospital or medical treatment of any kind. And provided further that this restriction shall not apply against financial aid to the widows or minor children of persons killed in war.

My purpose in offering this amendment, Mr. President, is to put an end to the raids upon the Treasury which follow every war, and which, through the connivance of fearful politicians, transform our armies of patriotic citizens into regiments of mercenary troops and soldiers of fortune. Is it not, Mr. President, the primary duty of every man to defend his country in time of war without a concealed or open purpose of future reward? And yet today we behold the spectacle of 500,000 men, discharged from their war service when they were unwounded and in good health, who have organized themselves into a compact group with the ignoble purpose first and last of making themselves a privileged and endowed class for the rest of their lives. It is true, Mr. President, that a great majority of our soldiers in the World War—no less, in

fact, than 3,500,000 of them—resent this debasement of patriotism as the negation of all that is noble and exalted in the ideals of the nation. But the minority are vociferous and without pride, while the majority are indignant but unorganized in their resistance; with the result that ambitious and unprincipled politicians, ever responsive to any outcry from a group of voters, have now loaded the Treasury with a pension roll which in one form or another will run as a progressive and expanding tax upon our resources for a hundred years, in the end destined to reach the astounding sum of \$100,000,000,000—a sum more huge, Mr. President, as a continuing grant through the years of peace than the total cost of the conflict to all the nations engaged in it on both sides through the years of the War itself.

If the contention of these men is accepted, Mr. President, that the pay of unwounded soldiers shall, at the close of hostilities, be made equal to the pay of labor at home, they are laying down a condition which will make it impossible for our country to defend its flag. The wages of labor in times of war are exorbitant, as all other conditions are exorbitant; but these extravagant earnings dissipate themselves from day to day in the extravagant costs to which they are applied.

Beyond our keen sense of admiration and respect we owe nothing, Mr. President, to the men who came out of the War without suffering from its

casualties. Besides being an obligation that goes with manhood, it was for them an experience as rich in companionship and opportunity as it was fortunate in its escape from injury; and the defense of the flag as such carries with it no obligation on the nation to endow its citizens who were in uniform when all the rest of the population were equally occupied in making the military enterprise a success.

In view of these considerations it is my earnest hope, Mr. President, that the amendment which I have proposed will be adopted by our people, to the end that no pension system of any kind shall ever again be permissible under the circumstances which I have endeavored to set before you. [No applause. Sour looks from the other senators, some of whom, however, appear to be disquieted. Boos from the soldiers in the gallery.]

SOCIALISM PUT TO FLIGHT

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, while keeping an open mind on every topic of human interest, never speaks on political problems from a partisan view, nor upon spiritual problems from a sectarian view. It therefore will feel free to discuss from time to time, in this nonpolitical way, the problems which are so deeply concerned with the recent election.

One of the most gratifying things that came out of the election was the proof that the American nation can register its discontent without overthrowing the foundations of its Government. The Republican and Democratic parties did have some very wide points of difference in their platform policies—notably on the question of prohibition—but they both stood upon the solid foundations of the Constitution. The Socialist party, however, starting from a point which made it necessary to destroy the Constitution, made quite a radical demand for the confiscation of the money, bonds, stocks, houses, live stock, real estate, and other property of

people who possess such things; and there were some fearful creatures who believed that this plea would set the country on fire. Yet, while it has been estimated that there are ten million persons out of employment in this country, and forty millions in embarrassment and distress, when this appeal to their cupidity and despair was made by Norman Thomas, there were only 524,446 who would sponsor the iridescent dream of the Socialist party. When an apparently easy way to get other people's money is rejected, as in this case, with good-humored contempt, we know that our Republic will endure while intelligence and patriotism guide the nation.

TAXATION

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT made the statement during his campaign that if elected President he would endeavor to make a reduction of 25 per cent in the costs of Federal Government; and this declaration was greeted with derision by his opponents. They said it simply could not be done. But let us look at the figures. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, the budget that was sent to Congress by President Hoover showed an increase of 63 per cent for a panic year over the budget for 1928, a boom year, in the appropriations asked for by the members of his cabinet for their departments. The total increase was \$1,231,000,000. Thus, while all the business leaders were cutting their budgets to the bone, the administration continued a policy of expenditure which inevitably broke the Treasury with a \$2,000,000,000 deficit, and further impoverished our people with unbearable taxation.

If Governor Roosevelt will instruct his new cabinet officials that they must retrace these steps toward the 1928 expenditures so that his first year will show a decrease of 25 per cent over 1932, he will keep his promise and still have considerably more to run the Government than was spent on it in 1928.

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FREE LECTURES

MUSEUM

NOVEMBER

- 24—"Haunts of the Golden Eagle," by Alfred M. Bailey, ornithologist and director of the Chicago Museum of the Academy of Sciences. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 27—"By Way of Cape Horn," by Alan J. Villiers, who traveled from Australia to Ireland by sail. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

DECEMBER

- 4—"Land o' Peaks and Sky-blue Waters," by Fred Paine Clatworthy, naturalist. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 11—"Australian Animals," by Kilroy Harris, explorer. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 18—"The Spell of Egypt," by H. C. Ostrander, Far East traveler. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON JUVENILE PROGRAMS

NOVEMBER TO APRIL

Specially selected motion pictures for children on nature, science, and travel. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

TECH

NOVEMBER

- 22—Carnegie Day speaker, Sir James C. Irvine, principal and vice chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland. 11 A.M. in Music Hall.

DECEMBER

- 8—"The Recent Eclipse," by Heber D. Curtis, formerly head of the Allegheny Observatory. 8:30 P.M. in Carnegie Union.
- 12 and 13—"Recent Developments in Applied Acoustics," by Paul E. Sabine, of the Riverbank Laboratories. 8:30 P.M. in Carnegie Union.

LIBRARY

STORY-TELLING HOURS

OCTOBER TO MAY

- Monday Afternoons—West End, 4:00-5:00; Mt. Washington, 3:45-5:00; Lawrenceville, 3:30-5:30.
- Tuesday Afternoons—Homewood, 3:45-5:00; East Liberty, 3:30-5:00.
- Wednesday Afternoons—Soho, 3:30-5:00.
- Thursday Afternoons—Hazelwood, 3:45-5:00.
- Friday Afternoons—Knoxville, 4:00-5:00, first Friday of the month only; South Side, 3:45-5:00.
- Saturday Mornings and Afternoons—Brookline and Carrick, 10:00-11:00; Boys and Girls Division, Central, 3:00 and 3:30.
- Special Occasions—Wylie and Penn Avenues.

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